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OCTOBER, 1916

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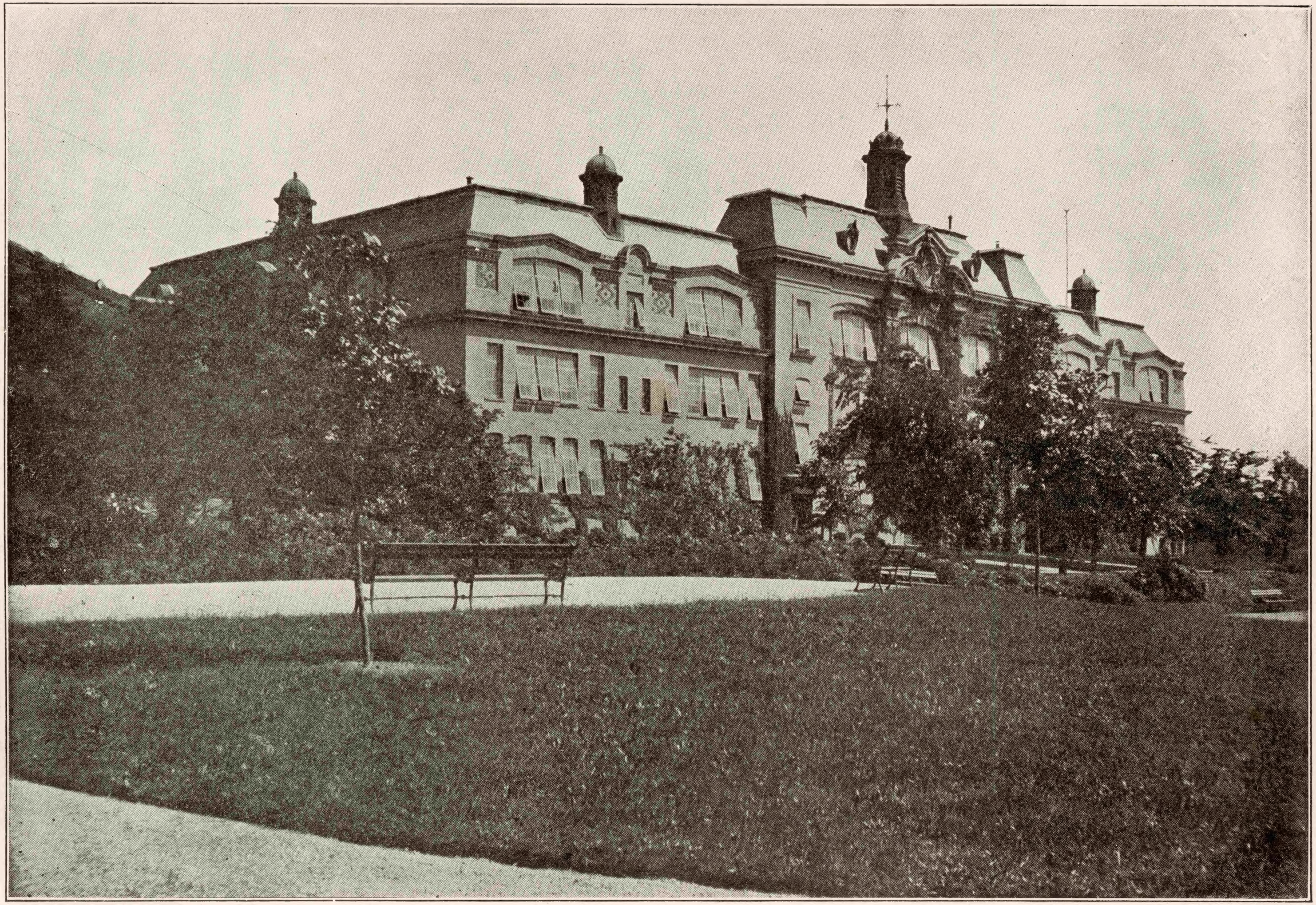

The Acropolis

A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

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literature

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Spirits

BY ALBERT SACHS.

TED WINSLEIGH had lived with his spinster aunt for several years. She had her peculiarities, as all spinsters do, and Ted knew them pretty well. But lately she wore so vacant an expression and looked so preoccupied that Ted one day inquired the cause.

Imagine his surprise when his aunt answered, "Theodore, I am communing with the spirits. My soul is not here, it is in the next world. I am here only in body."

Ted could make neither head nor tail of his aunt's remark and pondered deeply over it. He was not long uninformed though, for, by accident, on the living-room table he found a card announcing that Alhammad Kalli would hold a seance on Saturday afternoon. Seats, $10.

"So that's it, she got spirits and seances on the brain. Those things are all fakes. Ten dollars! Whew! I wonder if I can't queer old Alhammad."

From the card he found the address of the self-styled "Spirit-medium and Foreteller of Future Events." Ted put on his hat and coat, and went out on a tour of exploration—boys are curious at fourteen.

At the address he found a brown-stone house of imposing size but sadly in need of repair. At the side, he noticed an alley leading to the back of the house. The shades were drawn in the front and the house seemed so funereal and quiet, that he ventured into the back yard.

Here he saw a cellar window with its panes out. Through this he climbed into the cellar. It was full of rubbish, and in one corner, in the dim light, Ted thought he saw the skeleton of a man.

Quaking he advanced toward the gruesome spectacle. Sure enough! It was a skeleton, half covered with a tarpaulin. He was thoroughly frightened now, and started to leave, but he remembered—Alhammad made spirits talk and ghosts dance.

He was reassured, so he pulled aside the cover and saw another skeleton and some skulls strewn about alongside his first acquaintance.

"I've got the old Hindoo now, I'll bet he isn't even a Hindoo."

No longer handicapped by fear, but encouraged by the silence overhead, Ted ransacked the cellar. He found some rattles, a big Indian basket, a tambourine, and other "ghostly" paraphernalia.

The cellar window faced westward and as the sun was now low in the west, the rays illumined the interior of the cellar. By this light he saw in the front of the cellar a stairway. He climbed up the steps and listened carefully to hear if anybody was upstairs. Hearing nothing, he cautiously pushed up the trap and stepped into a long hall.

Ted prowled about and tried several doors. One was unlocked, so he opened the door and entered a room without windows. It smelt of incense and in one end, facing ten or twelve

chairs, stood a raised altar, covered with black velvet embroidered in gold. The walls were hung with Oriental rugs and tapestries. The floor was thickly carpeted. On each side of the altar a little, black image squatted, leering at the chairs.

Stepping behind the altar, Ted found a row of electric push buttons, concealed from the audience by the altar and at a height convenient for rapid manipulation.

Underneath the buttons, two doors swung on spring hinges.

Crawling through these doors Ted came into another windowless room. He struck a match and saw an electric wall-light. He turned it on and saw a row of glass indicators, undoubtedly connected to the buttons in the other room. Neatly piled in one corner were some little boxes which bore labels reading, "Flare powder—for fire-eating performances." In another corner some skulls were piled around a skeleton.

"I guess I've seen enough. It's me for home before the Hindoo comes. I don't want him to sacrifice me to his gods just yet." Out through the window he went and hastened home.

He kept mum about his secret and bided his time until the day for the seance came.

That Saturday, Ted again sneaked into the room. He thought he was secure, for awhile at least, but a dark-skinned servant of the fakir came in, too, evidently in order to manipulate the "spirits."

They closed in and fought desperately. Ted was no match for the wiry Hindoo and was being badly beaten, when somehow, the Hindoo's turban became loosened. Seizing the end, Ted pulled it around the Hindoo's neck and throttled him. Next he tied him securely with the long turban-cloth and gagged him with his handkerchief.

Putting him in a corner, Ted awaited developments. The other occupants of the house must have been in some remote part of it for they did not seem to have heard the noise of the struggle.

About ten minutes later, Ted heard people enter the room. A deep voice was chanting some gibberish. Then there was silence. Suddenly one of the indicators twinkled.

"That must be the signal for some of the props," mused Ted. "I'll take a chance on the skeletons." Accordingly, he thrust out the skeleton through the door.

He guessed wrongly, for the skeleton was pushed back and a voice hissed, "The skull and flares, idiot."

He complied and handed out a skull and a box of flare powder. He heard a low moaning in the other room, then a puff! as if a photographer's flash had gone off.

Silence again.

Another indicator twinkled. Taking a chance, he rapped on the wall with a wooden mallet lying handy—to simulate "spirit-rapping."

Again the hiss, "Fool, now the skeleton. Are you asleep? I'll be in there if you make another mistake."

"The old swindler! Here's where I show him up."

Making sure his captive was securely trussed, Ted crawled through the doors into the seance chamber with the skeleton in one hand and some flare powder in the other.

The chairs were filled with men and women, his aunt in the first row. When he appeared amazement was written on the faces of all, especially on the face of the Hindoo.

"People! This Hindoo is a swindler. He can no more make ghosts walk and spirits talk than I; these are his spirits"—showing the skeleton and throwing some powder into a glowing charcoal brazier next the altar. "See—there he's trying to sneak away now."

Sure enough, the Hindoo was slinking out of the room like a whipped cur.

The audience was angry both at themselves for having been deceived and at the Hindoo who had swindled them—so angry, in fact that in their frenzy they started to tear down the furnishings of the room. They smashed the image, overturned the altar and ripped down tapestries on the walls.

A loud laugh made them desist. A portly old gentleman was laughing derisively at them.

"Well, folks, the laugh's on us. Give him credit, we're the fools, not he. He has our money. Why cry over spilt milk? Let's go home before we become the talk of the town."

Of course, Ted received his share of praise and thanks from those who were so cleverly imposed upon by the fakir.

That night at the dinner table he asked his aunt to tell him how she had come to visit the Hindoo and what happened at the seances.

She said, "I first visited him out of curiosity. Then I believed in his teachings and doctrines.

"At his seances he would pray to Buddah, then go into a trance. Then as the medium between this earth and the spirits he would answer questions we asked him. Sometimes we heard taps on the walls and the altar would rise and settle back again as if unseen hands had lifted it up.

"At first he charged only five dollars a sitting, but the last two cost ten dollars each.

"I am sorry now that I was so foolish, and I owe much to you for saving me from ruin, for I'm sure he would have mulcted me of every cent I possess.

"So instead of wasting my money on him, I'm going to buy you that wireless set you wanted."

They Who Serve

By Carol Ricketts.

"YES, as I was saying, Bill, that was a rather fortunate incident."

"What was a fortunate incident, Edward?" asked the girl who had entered the cabin as the above words were spoken.

"Why, you know, Marie—oh, no, of course you don't, since you came only this morning. Well, you see, there was a spy with valuable papers, caught the other day. He's at the prison at Branthwait, three miles from here. Rather lucky they got him before he made a getaway."

"You're right it was," Marie said.

The three young people, Marie King, Edward Williams and Bill Van Nostrand were standing before the open fireplace, where merrily crackled the burning logs. To be sure it was August, but the evenings were chilly in this Canadian country. The three were members of a camping party on Comfort (?) Isle, as they laughingly called it. Sometimes when the tents leaked or a rattler was found coiled up at the tent door, the name was most inappropriate. Nevertheless, they enjoyed themselves with the delight that youth always takes in freedom and the open air.

"My, but it's great here," said Marie. "Don't forget you promised to take me for a paddle around the island, to-morrow, Edward."

"Oh, I'm not forgetting, Marie," rejoined Edward. "Say, Bill, why don't you and Mildred come along, too. We can take two of the canoes and go around to the north end of the island and explore."

"Good idea, Ed," said Bill. "Guess I'll go ask her now."

* * * * *

The next morning bright and early, after a hearty breakfast, the four pushed off the canoes and set out to explore. They paddled for about half an hour, daudling in and out of the little coves, fern fringed, where shadows lay like silver on the dark waters; disturbing the kingfishers, who rattled their way across the shallow waters, with swift flashes of blue and silver.

"A new camper. Look!" Mildred pointed, quietly, as they rounded the bend of a new cove.

Pitched in among the trees, hardly noticeable, was a khaki tent, and before it, on the narrow stretch of beach were the white ashes of a recent fire.

"Other campers, I see. Thought we were the only ones," said Bill. "Wonder who they are?"

They paddled on in silence for a few minutes, when, of a sudden around a bend they heard voices, two men's voices. They paused a second. The one voice was raised and angry, the other was evidently trying to calm his friend.

"But, I tell you, we can't do it. We'll be caught," said the first voice.

The second voice interrupted. "Caught, nothing. It can be done at night with a quick getaway. We'll never be caught. We've got to take the chance anyway. That information he's got is invaluable. We're sure of a cross of honor if we get it. We've *got* to take the chance for our country."

"But isn't there some other way?" interposed the first voice.

To the four in the canoes this sounded interesting; they sat motionless, therefore, expectantly wondering, what next?

"No, I tell you," continued the second voice. "I've thought out all possible ways and here lies our only hope. *We must blow up the prison.*"

The four in the canoes caught their breath and looked at each other with growing fear.

"I tell you, I know just which part to blow up so that we can get him and his information out before the keepers find us. We'll have the little power boat beached right outside and make a getaway. Perfectly simple. Why are you afraid?"

"We might be caught."

"Caught? Bah—coward. Always yourself. How can we be caught, we have no confederates and no one knows but ourselves. Brace up!"

How little he realized how their voices had carried on the water, to the listening ears, information that made the young people shudder.

Quickly, with muffled strokes, they made back for camp.

"They must be confederates of the spy at Brandthwait prison; don't you think, Ed?" asked Marie.

"Of course," rejoined Edward. "What can we do? I suppose we'd better let the authorities know immediately and have those two arrested. From what they said there can be only two of them. Say, Bill, we'd better take the girls back and then set out for Branthwait to let the authorities know, hadn't we?"

"Guess you're right, Ed. Best thing we can do."

After taking the girls back to camp, where they immediately set the exciting news going the round, the boys set off for a three-mile paddle to the village. Arriving there, they repaired to the prison office where they told the morning's incident to the officers stationed there. The chief was greatly excited and ordered his men to the armored patrol boat, held for emergencies. The boys were to go along as guides. With great speed they set forth and in a few minutes approached the island. Here they cut the speed and quietly drew near. They came suddenly around the bend, where the boys had so recently seen the tent, but—*the place was deserted.*

The boys sat speechless and stared with mouths agape. Just a few hours ago there had been a tent—but now nothing but remnants of what had been a fire, partially covered with sand.

Drawing near enough to the shore to clamber over the sides into the shallow water, they waded in and beat about the bushes. If persons had been there they had departed by water.

"Well, young man, what kind of a joke do you call this?" the leader of the expedition asked of Edward.

"Joke? Why, there's no joke. They *were* here this morning. Weren't they, Bill?" asked the much bewildered Edward.

"You bet they were. But I'll be darned if I know where they are now."

"Hey, you fellows, cut it out; you can't fool this guy so easy," said the leader, a man new to his job, and too sure of himself. "You think you'se gonna pull a good one over, but you got the wrong party. Come on, men we'll take 'em back to the chief, and see what he says."

They dragged the greatly surprised lads back to the boat, and set off for the prison. The leader brought them before the chief and there told of the "joke." The chief, taking his man at his word, severely reproved the boys, and cautioned them against meddling with such serious affairs. He then ordered them out of the prison, not to return until they had better reason for doing so.

The boys, too stunned at the turn of affairs to argue, hastily left.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Edward, to Bill after they were well away from the town. "Did you ever see such a mess? Where did those two go to? They sure cleared out in a hurry. I wonder why?"

"Some mess is right," said Bill. "It would serve the fools right if their old prison were blown up. I'm through!"

"No, Bill, even if they did throw us down, we can't let all that information go to the enemy. We aren't doing it for the keepers, we're doing it for our country. *We can't let the prison be blown up.* What can we do?"

"I don't know," answered Bill. "We don't even know what night they've planned for or what part of the prison they're going to blow up. We can't do anything. We'd better leave well enough alone as the chief said. But if you've got a plan I'm with you, Ed."

They had reached camp by this time and were greeted by a rush of questions, everyone at once.

"Oh, did you get them?"

"What happened, Bill?"

"Tell us, quick."

"Say, Ed, what luck?"

But the boys kept a close mouth and would tell nothing, much to everyones disappointment.

"But won't you tell *me?*" softly asked Marie of Edward.

"Sorry, little girl, but really I can't. I'd like to, but—," answered Edward.

"Oh, I think you boys are too mean for anything. We were in the first part, why can't we know the rest?" said Mildred.

"Well, I tell you, we two will promise, won't we Bill, to tell you two first." The girls faces brightened. "But—you'll have to wait until we plan what to do."

"Oh! I think you're horrid, to keep us in suspense so long," said Marie.

"Sorry, but it's the best we can do for you girls," said Bill.

The girls, highly indignant, walked off, leaving the boys to plan the future.

"Well, what have you thought out, Ed?" asked Bill.

"Best thing we can do, old chap, is to go back and make inquiries in the village as to what part of the prison the spy is."

Working on this policy, they set off, telling the inquisitive ones at camp that they weren't sure when they'd get back, but that they needn't expect them 'til they saw them.

They sauntered into the general store to buy perfectly unnecessary supplies, but here by round-about questions got the gossipy storekeeper to tell them the latest news about the spy—the gossip of the hour. Having gained the required information, they wandered toward the prison, eluding the main gates for fear of running into some of the men who had made up the party of the morning. They discovered the wing where the spy was said to be imprisoned and then closely examined the rest of the building to discover the place most likely picked out by the confederates to destroy. Close to the main building was a smaller structure, for special prisoners, connected with the larger structure by a stone passageway with small iron-barred windows. It was in the smaller building that the spy was said to be. By dynamiting this passageway, one would have free access to either building. It was, then, probably the idea of the confederates, so the boys thought, to dynamite this passageway. So much seemed clear, but when? That was now the question. Bill remembered that to-night there would be quite a moon, but to-morrow or the following night the moon would have greatly waned.

"Probably haven't planned for to-night," said Bill. "Too much moon. To-morrow a little after midnight seems more likely, as they'll want to get it over with soon before their man is removed or someone finds out."

"Well thought out, Bill, we'll take a chance anyway," said Edward.

The following day was a restless one for the boys. They cleaned out their pistols and loaded them, for there was always a chance of their being useful.

About nine o'clock they stole out of camp, unnoticed by others. The sky was overcast as before a coming storm. An ideal night for the confederates' work. They boys beached their canoe about a quarter of a mile below the prison and

quietly approached it. All was still and dark, except a light in the main part, where the chief or some subordinate was busily at work. The boys crept up and hid in the shrubbery, at the base of the prison wall, where the shadows were deepest. For nearly two hours they kept their vigil, drowsy and cramped in one position, afraid to move lest they be detected.

The silence was broken suddenly by a light footfall.

"S-sh!" said Edward, under his breath. "What was that?"

Again the soft crunch of a foot.

The boys held their breath. A dark figure loomed up before them, but—it was only some passing sentry, making his usual round. The boys settled down to wait. Several minutes passed when of a sudden two figures appeared, seeming to rise from the ground before them. Here at last. The boys' muscles grew tense as they quietly gripped their pistols and waited. The figures drew nearer.

"Here we are, a little to the right. Now is our time, the sentry has passed," came in a low pitch to the boys, unmistakably the second voice of the morning.

The men slunk past. The boys silently followed. A pebble slipped from under Bill's foot. The two men turned quickly, but could see nothing; again they softly proceeded. The boys had been correct, they intended to dynamite the passageway. Creeping up close to this they made their preparations.

In the meantime the storm was near at hand, as the distant rumbling of thunder foretold.

"Hands up!!" came in a quiet but firm voice to the two men. They whirled, every instinct alert. The hand of one flew to his hip pocket, but the quick eye of Edward noted it, and with his never-erring aim he shot the man in the arm. He turned to face the other, but a blinding flash of lightning revealed Bill grappling with the maimed man, and then to him all went blank.

* * * * *

When Edward regained consciousness he found himself in a white bedroom. Sitting by his side, greatly concerned for his welfare, was Marie.

"Marie," he said, gripping her hand. "Are they caught? Is Bill safe? Tell me, quickly."

"Don't get excited, boy," said Marie. "Yes, the three spies are in prison and Bill is safe—only a sprained wrist and a few bruises."

"But tell me all that happened," said Edward.

"Should I? You wouldn't tell us."

"Marie, you know we couldn't."

"Oh, what a goose I am to think of that. You two boys have acted nobly, you can't realize how proud everyone is of you. The information those two men would have gotten was of the greatest value. They feared that they might be perceived on the island so they left the same morning that we saw them. That accounts for their disappearance. I suppose you want the story, though. The shot you fired that maimed the one man roused the guards who came rushing to find out what was the matter. They found Bill struggling with the two of them and you lying on the ground, unconscious, your temple having been grazed by the fellow's bullet. He had seen you when the lightning flashed, and had then taken aim and fired. The spies are now safe in prison and you are lying in the room of the chief himself. Here he comes now, with Bill and Milly."

Edward turned feebly to greet the trio. The chief came forward with hand outstretched.

"Young man, I admit I was wrong, I did you two an injustice. You two fellows have done something well worth being proud of. You have done your country a service, one which she will remember. I have news for you. Next week you two are to be rewarded with a *Victoria cross.*"

The eyes of Edward and Bill met in a happy smile. Well rewarded, indeed, would they be for their efforts.

The Scar

By Abraham Golden.

THE boisterous hilarity that usually permeated the atmosphere of the reclining room of the Russian bath was totally absent to-day. A dozen or more knights of the bath lay on their couches, but not a whisper, not a *bon mot* disturbed the calm, humid silence of the overheated chamber. A most unsocial group of beings they were to one who was just aching for conversation.

Letting my hand fall lazily to the floor, I pulled it back to my side—an old magazine in its grasp. I was instantly interested in this substitute for human companionship.

I was ravenously devouring the bit of fiction that my hungry spirit had trapped, and was nearing the end, when a "sweater" lurched from the steam room and sank into the couch adjoining mine. He sighed a sigh of supreme bliss and comfort that takes possession of one who moderately indulges in the precincts of the steam room.

Suddenly bursting out into a loud, hearty laugh, he turned to me, apologetically inquiring whether he had disturbed my reading; but before I could answer, he had already begun to relate the anecdote that had given rise to his spontaneous burst of glee.

"And upon my word of a believing Jew, it is as true as the matrimonial differences of Adam and Eve," he concluded.

"Here is the most unusual story I've ever read," responded I, referring to the bit of magazine fiction that I had just absorbed. "The story

is of a man who had been unjustly accused of theft in his boyhood. The accusation haunted the sensitive one all through his life down to the weary years of his old age. By day and by night, in adversity and in prosperity, in moments of joy and in hours of sorrow, he labored under the heavy yoke of that accusation. He tortured his brains unceasingly in his attempts to fathom the opinions of friends as to their belief in the accusation. Little did he know that affairs of life had crowded out this incident from their minds during all the years; but to him it seemed that the unfortunate affair was as fresh in their memories as in his. At last the burden crushed him, and in an insane asylum he died a gentle death.

I paused. My companion had closed his eyes amidst a heavy silence in the room.

"Do you think this story is true to life, Mr.———?"

"Mr. Barnard," he added.

"Do you really think you would make such a fuss over a trifling thing like this?" again queried I.

Mr. Barnard had assumed a very grave and intent demeanor as he sat upright on his couch. I had evidently awakened a dormant note of interest in him, since all symptoms of his former hilarity had vanished from his countenance.

"It's peculiar," began Mr. Barnard, "how that story reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was six or seven years old. That was about thirty years ago. We were then living in one of the large tenement houses that line both sides of Broome street in the heart of the slums."

"One day—I remember distinctly the occasion because it was on that day that all of us kids were sent home from school; our house had been quarantined on account of scarlet fever. I recall how jubilant and frisky we were to be out of school for the next three months. To cut a long story short," continued Mr. Barnard, "that memorable day a certain Mrs. Weinstein who occupied the sixth floor, back, of the tenement I lived in spread the general alarm through the flats that her jewelry—her valuables—a gold watch and chain, had been stolen from her—'by a thief in the night' was the dramatic way she put it.

"Every housewife in the block heard a version of the theft of Mrs. Weinstein's jewels. Each one, in turn, gave her own uncensored version of it to her relatives, both sanguinary and marital.

"But it remained for Mrs. Finkelstein, famed far and wide for her keen intellect and keener tongue, to suggest a medium for apprehending the thief."

"'Why don't you go to the gipsy queen and let her read your palm, Mrs. Weinstein?' asked Mrs. Finkelstein. 'She will tell you everything. Have faith in her, and you will soon see your jewels back in your clothes closet,' assured the most talented of all the housewives.

"You see, at that time, there lived a band of gypsies in the basement of the tenement house.

"To cut a long story short," continued Mr. Barnard, "Mrs. Weinstein took a fancy to Mrs. Finkelstein's good advice, the more so because she had great faith in the occult powers of the gypsies; especially because in the old country they hold the average gypsy queen in as much reverence and awe as ever the Greeks held the Delphic Oracle.

"Mrs. Weinstein, escorted by her royal adviser, Mrs. Finkelstein and followed by a rotinue of housewives, descended into the realms of the itinerant seers.

"The queen of the band was out on business, they were informed.

"'But I take my mother's place in her absence,' spoke up a young gypsy maid. 'I perform all her duties as ably as she. So tell me, ladies, your desires,' she entreated gently.

"I remember how my mother raved about her beauty to my father," explained Mr. Barnard. "A most bewitching and charming beauty. The beauty of a thousand Egyptian princesses." How well I remember how my mother described her features; how the princess's wild eye flashed, her highly burnished teeth glistened, how her jet black hair like a coiled snake glowed like satin in that dark, black, filthy cellar. She was the candy-kid—so mother thought as she dished out the soup and potatoes that night, thirty years ago.

"Well, at last the princess took Mrs. Weinstein's hand in her own and began to read to the group of gossips the tale of woe that the wrinkles in the red, hard-worked hand told her.

"'Madame, you have been robbed of valuables—a gold watch and chain,' the princess read motonously—describing the articles in the minutest detail. The housewives were in the throes of a mystic suspense. The magic of the Orient had seized them, and had stifled their practical senses.

"'You have been robbed by a man—a very young man; he is short, slim, and dark. He has a severe cut on his left wrist, that he injured as he hastened away from the scene of the robbery. That is all,' concluded the princess in a voice that was almost inaudible. She showed signs of great emotion and uneasiness. Possibly that was a trick of her trade—a ruse to produce an effect.

"Hardly had she ascended from the regions of darkness and mystic enlightenment when it flashed upon Mrs. Weinstein's alert mind that she knew the identity of the thief!

"'Yes,' argued Mrs. Finkelstein, 'it must be my boarder, Jake. He's young, dark, slim, and short. I always thought that he was too sporty and neat to be honest. He's a thief, a crook, a brigand, a gangster,' exploded that suddenly irate woman.

"And besides," added Mr. Barnard, sarcastically, "he was the only short, dark, slim man in the community; it could be no other to their minds. Beyond the boundaries of their slums, a

different planet spun around its own sun. The planet possessed only one such character—and he was the guilty one.

"And behold, that same evening, Mrs. Finkelstein's boarder with his wrist bandaged! His left wrist, too! Beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt, he was the thief.

"Giving vent to a yell that exceeded the most martial Iroquois war-whoops in pitch and resonance, Mrs. Finkelstein flew at the throat of the young boarder. The innocent youth moved not an inch; he was stupefied.

"Mr. Finkelstein rushed to the young man's rescue. The good, kind neighbors soon arrived, informed of the affray through a secret 'wireless' of the slums.

"Mr. Boarder—I don't even know that gentleman's name—," explained Mr. Barnard, "soon found himself before the sergeant's desk of the Fourth Precinct police station. He was held for a hearing before the judge on the following morning.

"The learned judge, in spite of the housewives' generous offers and suggestions concerning the rules of law and evidence, refused to commit Mr. Boarder. There was not a scintilla of evidence to warrant his conviction. Mr. Boarder himself told a story that rang clear and true. He had injured his wrist on a buzz-saw in the factory where he was employed.

"But the female Solons of the community did not deviate from their absolute belief in his guilt. What did the judge know? 'He, too, was a man! Birds of a feather flock together,' was the apt way Mrs. Finkelstein put it.

"He was promptly ejected from Mrs. Finkelstein's furnished room, trunk and all. He was treated in the same manner wherever he remained long enough to hang up his hat. Mrs. Finkelstein's tongue penetrated into every nook and crevice of the slums. She trailed him like the nemesis of a Greek tragedy. Yes," roared the now angered Mr. Barnard, "that she-devil was queen of our modern black listers, boycotters, and what not.

"Mr. Boarder must have been driven from the warm security of every Jewish community. A social outcast he became, ostracized by a band of the most bigoted gossips.

"I don't know why, but even as a child, I sympathized with him. I believed in his innocence, especially since the big, brass-buttoned policeman and the white-haired judge had said so. They should have known best; they were paid for their knowledge. And I remember when I was once lost, I was taken to that station where I was treated by those two individuals as a royal guest.

"In fact, most of my chums argued with me. But whenever we did run across him in the city, I remember how one boy would whisper into the other's ear the same old tale. Often I wondered whether the memory of the incident would ever fade away from all human minds. Years ago, those good housewives had unconsciously opened another Pandora's box. The deed could never be undone.

"As years flew by, I never failed to hear the tale—somewhere, somehow, by someone. What startled me was the fact that others had equally as retentive memories as I had—memories harboring the injustice wrought upon this man.

"Did the man himself suffer as much as I did when I dwelt upon that episode?" asked Mr. Barnard of himself. "Probably he was wholly unaware of the vast extent to which the malicious tale had traveled. Occasionally I come across him; of course I never knew him, nor have I had occasion to speak to him. Whenever I do see him, I behold a vision of the affair in its entirety."

As Mr. Barnard concluded his experience, sinking back on the couch, another patron of the steam bath entered the room. He was a short, dark, slim person, much older than Mr. Barnard.

A complete chain of circumstances flashed through my mind. The association of ideas and impressions became intolerable to me.

"Look," whispered I to my companion.

Mr. Barnard sat up catching a glimpse of the man as he opened the door to the steam chamber and entered.

"It's he; he's the man I've just told you about. Can you beat that for coincidence?" asked the startled Mr. Barnard.

"I've visited this place for over a year but have never encountered him here."

"Oh, I've seen him here several times, but never dreamed that he had such a biography to his credit," answered I.

"I have an idea. I see a fine opportunity of getting at the truth after all these years. Just a little attempt to satisfy myself. Come," said Mr. Barnard, "let's go into the steam room and join him."

Mr. Barnard had cautiously brought my attention to a long scar on the left wrist of our dark friend. The terrific heat of the room had made the scar glow with a lurid vividness, so that it could not escape observation.

"A birthmark, I suppose," remarked Mr. Barnard most casually.

"Oh, no," eagerly responded the dark one. "The result of a prank in my youthful days. If you don't mind, I'll tell you—."

"Not in the least," interrupted Mr. Barnard.

"You may not believe me, but the fact is, I once fell madly in love with a gypsy girl. She certainly was a peach—one in a thousand. I was so infatuated with her that I actually had the nerve to present her with a gold watch and chain. But when I seized her hand to make love to her the she-devil pulled a knife and slashed me here. That's the scar. Never have I bothered gypsies from that day to this.

ABRAHAM GOLDEN, B. H. S., Jan., 1912.

Miss Clare Shepard

JULY 30, 1916

IN the death of Miss Shepard, Barringer High School has lost a true friend. For seventeen years, Miss Shepard was a teacher of Latin and of Greek in our school, devoted to her subject, interested in her pupils, and zealous in all undertakings to promote the welfare of Barringer. She was so full of life and vigor that we could not realize what it meant when, on the opening of the Fall term of 1914, we were told that Miss Shepard, on account of ill health, would be out of school for a term. It was only a furlough, we thought, and looked forward to seeing her in January. Then we learned that her physician did not think it wise for her to make the change from the climate of the Adirondacks, where she had been staying, to Newark in the winter. Thus the furlough was, from time to time, lengthened, and we gradually became aware of the seriousness of Miss Shepard's illness. She talked of coming back to her work, expressing her eagerness to be again among us; yet she bore the rigors of her Adirondack banishment with steady courage. Finally it was clear that she could never again teach in Newark, and she returned to her home in central New York State. Here the end came soon, as it seemed to the friends who had not seen her since she left Newark, apparently in almost vigorous health. Many will mourn her untimely death. Her personality was rare. She had so much charm of manner, such quick sympathy, such generous enthusiasms that her presence in our school was a power. She carried about with her an influence that was high and fine. All her belongings were colored by her personality The good taste and dainty perfection of her personal appointments, the atmosphere of gracious courtesy within her school room none who knew her in Barringer will forget. It hardly seems that any pupil that she taught could be quite untouched by her influence; but one class especially will mourn her loss—the class of 1912 to whom she was class adviser. A peculiar bond held this class to Miss Shepard. No teacher could manifest a more lively interest in a class than she did to this one that had been assigned to her guidance. The relations between adviser and class were hearty and wholesome; on the one side was respect, affection, and entire trust; on the other wise devotion, energy, and intelligent sympathy. In play and in work she gave her help ungrudgingly. More than once, she taught ambitious pupils after school. In particular, a little group of boys who wanted to make a start in Greek, and who could not get the work in during the regular hours she instructed after her required day's work was over. This indicated the spirit of Miss Shepard's teaching. The memory of her will incite many a young man and young woman to nobler living. Both as teacher and as comrade she was whole-souled. Those who were her intimate friends knew best the richness of her nature. To them she can never seem as dead; but just "away," she was so vitally alive. For these inner friends, the fitting words of regret cannot be spoken. But though words are ineffectual our hearts prompt us to utter, as best we may, our broken expression of affection and of sorrow for the loss of our teacher and our friend.

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter December 20, 1907, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found outside the Sanctum and is for the reception of notes and personals.

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ART (?)..... Theo Cooper

NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1916.

WELCOME HOME!

Once more we have returned from summer frolics to take up the more serious pursuits of life. Some have returned from the beautiful seashore, where the cool breezes blow; others from nooks and corners of rugged mountain and verdant valley. But all have returned to the dear old halls of Barringer ready to take up their studies with renewed vim and to win new laurels for themselves and for Barringer after an extended vacation due to a most serious outbreak of infantile paralysis.

There have been numerous plans suggested to make up the work lost as a result of the late opening of the schools. To "speed up" seems to be the most acceptable method of accomplishing this end. Therefore, all ye valiant students of Barringer, bend to the task, show some of your school spirit, which you have always demonstrated on field and diamond, in the classroom! Show that the pride of Newark in Barringer is not a false pride! We have just finished celebrating the 250th Anniversary of the founding of our city. What we have shown and accomplished in those months of celebration has secured for us a place among the leading cities of the United States. It is up to the City of Newark and its institutions to keep up this reputation. We, as an integral part of this city, are bound by duty to do our best. Therefore, let us "speed up" and win new laurels for Barringer and Newark, both in athletics and in scholarship.

But, gentle reader, in the hustle and bustle of the scholastic year do not forget THE ACROPOLIS still exists. We, the board, are going to work with the customary Barringer spirit to keep THE ACROPOLIS among the best of high school papers, in fact, to make it a leader. Are you going to do your part? In order to make this paper a leader we must have the support of the entire school. So come, all ye lads and lassies, here is the opportunity—Buy the paper each month. Boost! and then *boost some more!*

BARRINGER AND PREPAREDNESS.

Several of the students of this school who were cadets at the Fort Terry training camp this summer are endeavoring to organize a battalion of infantry for Barringer.

The gymnasium instructors have given their hearty support, and we understand that Mr. Stearns is backing the movement. The call for men who have had some military training has already been sent out. These men will form the non-commissioned nucleus or skeleton upon which the companies will be built up from the student body.

Yale University has a battery of artillery, Harvard has a regiment of infantry supported by the whole student body. Why should not Barringer get into the game?

In view of the fact that the Compulsory Military Training in Schools bill was not passed in Trenton last year, it will be a great feather in Barringer's cap if she takes the bit in her teeth and leads the other New Jersey schools in this movement.

As the Fort Terry training is equivalent to three years in the State Militia and as Mr. Broadhead is a non-commissioned officer in the Seventh Regiment N. G. N. Y., and as Mr. Fields has had considerable military training, the organization and dicipline of the movement will be in perfectly competent hands.

A WORD TO THE FRESHMEN.

Of course you are welcome, that goes without saying, and your welcome will be permanent if you prove yourselves to be of real worth. You can prove your worth in at least three ways:

First, by getting into the stride of study, preparing your lessons conscientiously (the sophs will tell you this is all twaddle), and doing your level best in your recitation rooms.

Second, by getting into your niche in the life of the school, chumming it up with your classmates, joining the A. A., and whooping it up at the football games, and all other school activities.

Third, by proving that freshmen are not necessarily fresh. Some 1B's develop freshness after about six weeks in school. Fresh freshman calls his teachers by their last names without the use of the prefix, not in their hearing of course, but among his friends. This same young man knowingly breaks the corridor rules and cuts up in auditorium—manly tricks we must say! He has also been seen throwing erasers. Here we are forced to admit that some sophomores who have not yet gotten over their puppy days indulge in this costly pastime, but their name lets them out as "sophomore" means "wise fool," does it not, Mr. Taylor?

We didn't mean to preach a sermon, but we want you to take these hints to heart. Prove your worth.

OUR MR. HUGHES.

On October 9th, Charles Evans Hughes, Republican candidate for the presidency, spoke before a large assemblage in Military Park. There are probably a great many students of Barringer High School who are unacquainted with the fact that Mr. Hughes at one time was a member of this high school, which was then known as Newark High School. This fact makes this visit to our city and the coming election all the more interesting to us.

Mr. Hughes delivered a highly interesting address for which he was roundly cheered. As usual, Mr. Hughes evaded the foreign crisis and made no mention of Mexico. But he spoke at great length on labor. He reiterated time and time again that he was the friend of labor. Mr. Hughes pointed to his work, as governor of New York, as proof of this fact. He denounced the eight-hour act passed by the present Congress as an act not establishing a new hour-limit, but founding a new *wage* scale. Mr. Hughes pledged himself to see that a new eight-hour law, which would apply to the entire laboring class, would be passed if he were elected President. Mr. Hughes announced that he believed strictly in a Protective Tariff. At the conclusion of his speech he was cheered loudly by thousands who lined the sidewalks from Centre Market to the Robert Treat Hotel.

Every deserved success, as a former pupil of Barringer High School, we wish Mr. Hughes.

OMISSION OF SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

Since the school opening was delayed some fourteen days we have found it impossible to issue a September number. Thus but four issues instead of five will make their appearance this term.

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE.

4A Joseph Candido, Samuel Ebenfeld, Freda Espenmiller, Walter Hedden, Martha Lewitt, Florence Wilde, Mary O'Connor, James Padula, Walter Fleischman.

4B Esther Kraeger, Samuel Kudish, William Rieman, Harry Shalit, Alexander Spinney, Evelyn Hagadorn, Regina Cairns, Edna Holwick, Rose Popkin.

3A Charles Clymer, Lillian Handler, Rahmiel Miller, Edith Potoker.

3B Louis Kaningeis, Mildred Mower, Pauline Wesser.

2A Burke Boyce, Joseph Costanzo, Joseph Crecca, Richard Linehou, Joseph Merola, Elsie Tiger, Camilla Browning, Elline Moffat, Dorothy Van Ness, Grace Bottelli, Mary Fisher, Marion Smith, Morris Kleinman, Walter Weinberg.

2B Paul Kuebler, Dorothy Prell, Elsie Steinmetz, Marion See, Jean Judson, Morris Berg, Murray Duguid, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, William Gleim, Heber Ingals.

1A Elizabeth Bolland, Estelle Kamm, Daniel Newman, Israel Pogash, Rose Stamhubman, Louis Zuckeman, William Fleischforb, Julius Stein, Paul Gleim, Clarissa Hulse, Mersedes Burnett, Dorothy Reed, Esther Berlly, Anna Kabis, Elizabeth Paton, Mildred Taylor, Helen Byrne, Ruth Kilpatrick.

1B Rose Froog, Dorothy Hedden, Esther Lefkowitz, Sidney Romo, Sam Friedlander, Mary Kuchner, Frances Gordsnier, Frank Kolnitzky, Harold Scott, Carl Forster, Charles Brewer, Harold Erickson, Howard Leopold, Dorothy McEntee, Dorothy Work, Winnie Kroto.

TESTIMONIALS.

JUNE, 1916.

4A Room 36. Frieda Espenmiller, Martha Lewitt.
Room 91. Walter Hedden, Constance Gregory.

4B Room 57. William Rieman, Sigmund Feller, Esther Kroeger, Harry Shalit.
Room 65. Myra Kohn, Alice Keehner.

3A Room 51. Edith Potoker.
Room 55. Edith McEween.

3B Room 31. Elizabeth MacArthur.
Room 37. Emma Antz, Fred Green, Louis Kaningieser.
Room 83. Pauline Wesser.

2A Room 26. Morris Kleinman, Dorothy Rickenbacher, Walter Weinberg.
Room 32. Camilla Browning, Elline Moffat.
Room 56. Joseph Crecca.
Room 76. Marion Smith.

2B Room 25. Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.
Room 41. Herber Inglos.
Room 50. Paul Kuebler, Marion See.

1A Room 35. William Fleischfarb, Julius Stein.
Room 61. Estelle Kamm, Israel Pogash.
Room 67. Elizabeth Balland, Ruth Kilpatrick.
Room 69. Anna Kabis.
Room 75. Clarissa Hulse, Paul Gleim.
Room 81. Edward King, Dorothy Odell.
Room 86. Anita Ure.

1B Room 42. Gordinier Frances.
Room 63. Samuel Friedlander, Mary Kuchner, Kathryn Watiz, Mortimer Cohen.
Room 77. Charles Brewer, Dorothy McEntee, Dorothy Work.
Room 92. Dorothy Hedden, Rose Froog, Esther Lefkowitz, Sidney Rams.
Room 93. Mildred Schlueter.

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Miss H. B. Dean

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26.	Mr. W. W. King
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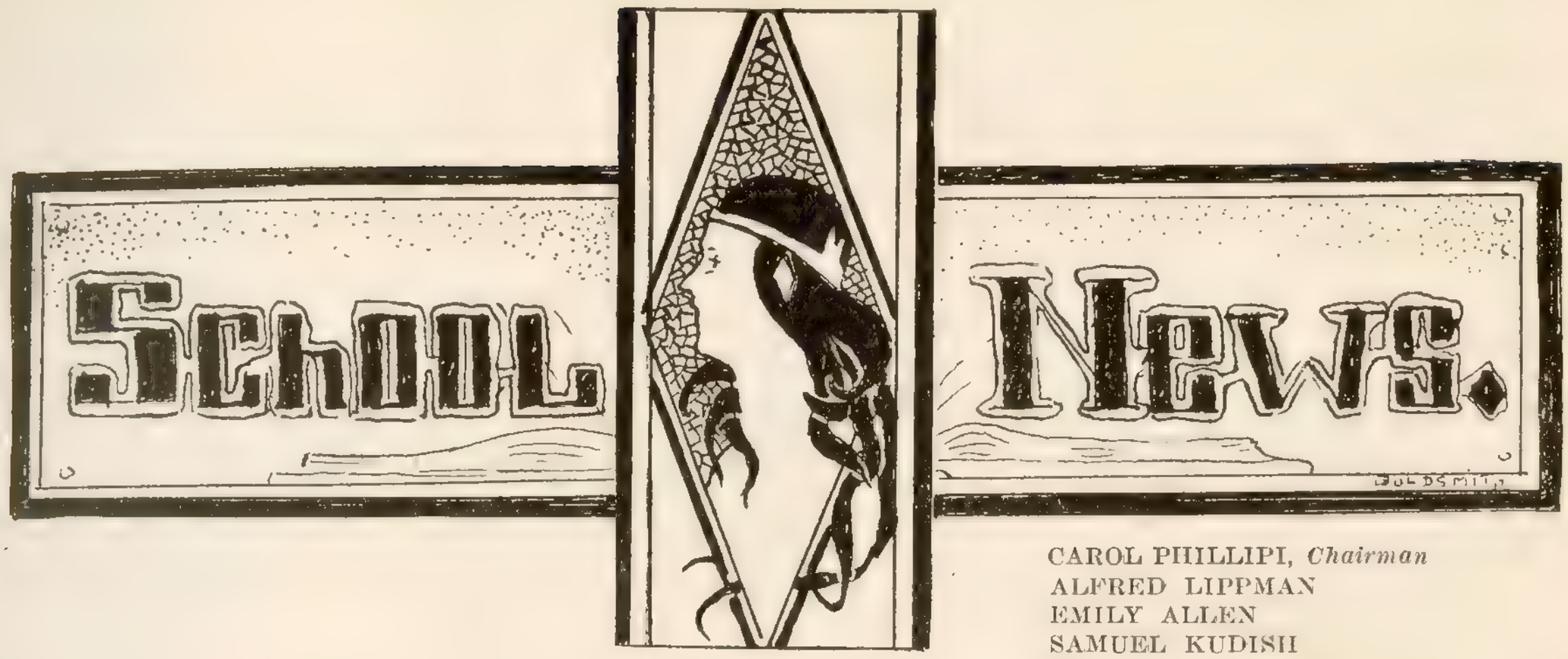
95.	Miss M. H. Price, A. M.
95.	Miss E. C. Zangler, P. M.
1.	Miss V. Bishop
2.	Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
3.	Mrs. W. B. Gardner
18.	Mr. C. F. Stonesifer
90.	Mr. A. R. Jayson
96.	Miss F. M. Thomas
97.	Miss N. Antz
98.	Miss P. J. Rowden

(*Continued on page 23.*)



CAROL PHILLIPI, *Chairman*
ALFRED LIPPMAN
EMILY ALLEN
SAMUEL KUDISH
EMMA ANTZ

NEW TEACHERS.

We are fortunate this term in having a number of additions to our faculty. Miss Grace L. Darnell, a graduate of Syracuse University, comes to us from Flemington High School as teacher of Music. It is her intention to organize two Glee Clubs, one for boys and one for girls, and to reorganize the orchestra. To do all these good things for the school, in addition to our regular music work, Miss Darnell needs the loyal support of the student body, and it rests with us to come out strong and make these three organizations successful.

Mr. Raymond Haulenbeck, who holds an A. B. degree from Princeton University and an A. M. degree from the University of Wisconsin, has come into our midst from Rutgers Preparatory School. He will teach Latin in Room 91, during the morning session.

We shall expect good things from our girls' gymnasium classes, for Miss Partick will have the assistance of Miss Hazel J. Punzelt, a graduate of the Savage School of Physical Education. She was formerly a supervisor of gymnastics in the New York Elementary Schools.

Room 77 is now occupied by Miss Marie H. Frary, a graduate of Columbia University. Miss Frary was formerly a teacher in West Chester (Pa.) High School, and her specialty is English.

Miss Miriam Frost, who graduated from Smith College, has come to us from New Hampshire, where she taught in Berlin High School. Miss Frost will teach English in Room 38.

Another new instructor in English is Miss Lillian M. North, who comes from Hunter College. She formerly taught at the Moravian School and College for Women. Miss North is now taking charge of the afternoon classes in Room 92.

Miss Victoria Bishop, formerly of East Side, is now located in Room 1, where she will teach *Domestic Art*. She received her diploma from Columbia.

Mr. Isaac K. Ellis has come to Barringer from Worcester (Mass.) Academy to teach Mathematics. He is a graduate of Vermont and he has done graduate work at Harvard.

Mr. William C. Barbour, of New York University and Columbia Graduate School, has had considerable experience in directing the study of youth, having taught at Clarion (Pa.), Sayre (Pa.), Roxbury (N. J.), and Commerce (N. Y.) High Schools. He will teach various branches of Science in Room 75.

Mr. Benjamin S. Haggett has come to us from Asbury Park High School having also taught at Alfred (Me.), and Bath (Me.). He learned the gentle art of teaching at Bowdoin College. Mr. Haggett teaches Greek History and Civics in Room 60.

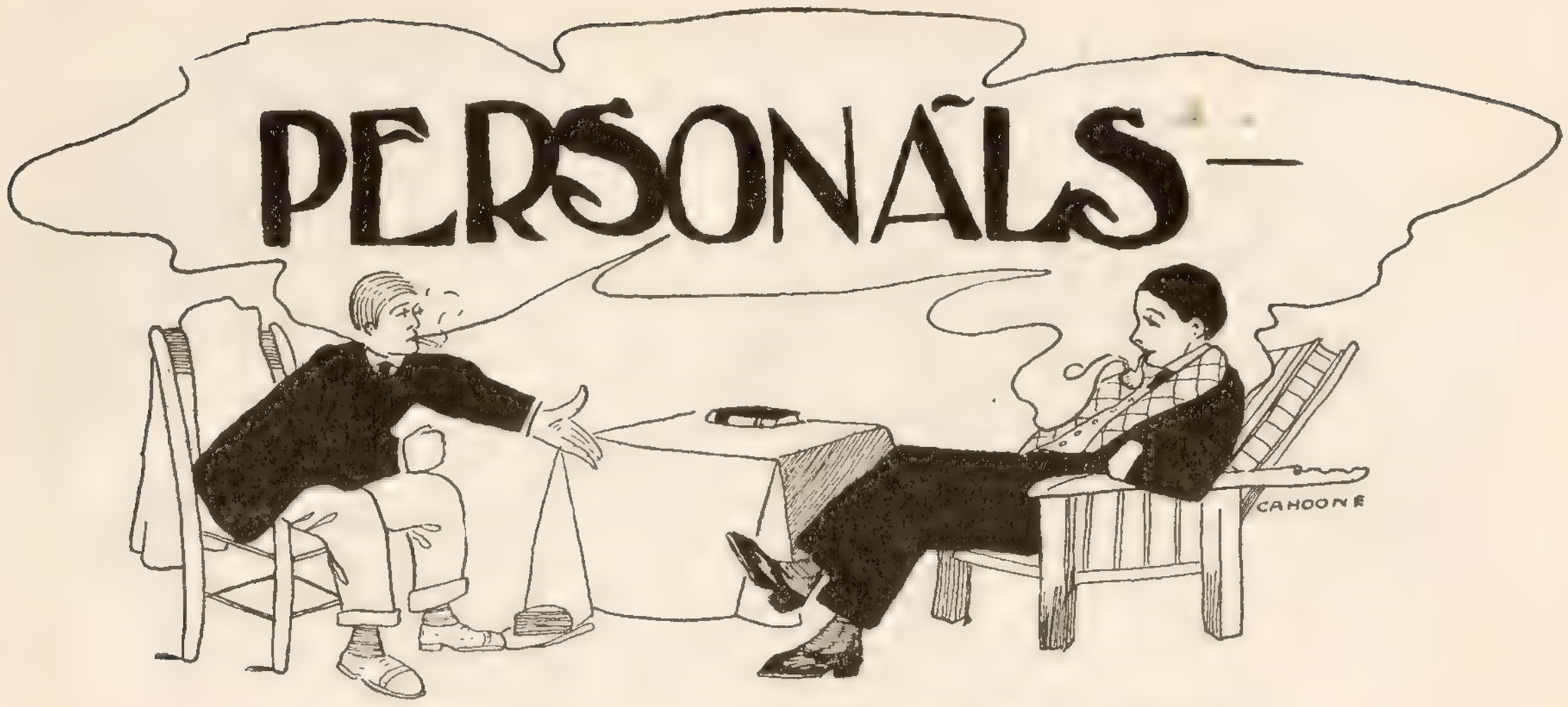
To all these new teachers the ACROPOLIS extends a most cordial welcome to Barringer and it trusts that all will soon feel at home here and greatly enjoy their work.

We noticed at the beginning of this term that we had lost several teachers as well as gained others. Miss R. M. Starratt has left us to take a position in one of the New York High Schools.

Miss M. J. Perry has marched away to the tune of Lohengrin's Wedding March for she is now Mrs. Mackay. The school takes this opportunity to extend to her its heartiest congratulations.

Miss Edith Peck will not be with us this term but we are pleased to announce that she will resume her accustomed place among us next term.

From what we hear "Chief" William G. Broadhead thoroughly agrees with Sherman's definition of war. During the summer "Chief" has been patroling the Mexican border. He went down as a member of the 7th New York, now stationed near Douglas, Ariz. "Chief" is at present trying to get a release so that he may return by the middle of October, otherwise there is no certain time for his arrival home. Until that time Mr. Mackery is assisting Mr. Fields, and Mr. Pritchard is working hard with the football team.



ELIZ. McEVOY, *Ch.*
RUFUS RICKENBACHER

SANFORD GREGORY
NORMAN BERRY

WITH APOLOGIES TO A. LINCOLN.

Barney (with gun in hand)—to 1B—Look out! I am going to shoot you.

1B—Why?

Barney—I was told to shoot any person that looks worse than I do.

1B—Well, go ahead! If I look worse than you, I want to be shot.

1B—Is that fellow Russian?

1A—No, but he is in an awful hurry.

4A—Say, are you Hungary?

1B—Yes, Siam.

4A—All right I'll Fiji (feed ye).

1B to 4A—Mister, will you please tell me how to make 3=4.

4A (from experience)—Yes, go to summer school.

Duncan to McKenzie—Say, Bob, didn't you swallow a whetstone last night?

Mac—No, why?

Duncan—Oh! you seem so sharp.

Civics Teacher—Every boy in this room has an equal chance to be president of the United States.

Voice in the rear—I'll sell my chance for half a dollar.

Noble—I ought to be a florist.

Kenney—Why?

Noble—Because I was born with palms in my hands.

3B—Is my hair parted?

4A—Yes, parted company with a comb and brush.

English Teacher—Whom would you rather have alongside of you all the time, Rebecca or Rowena?

Simple—Both of 'em.

Sour—Where are you classified?

Sweet—In the candy room.

Mr. Stoneseifer (explaining some work)—Now this gluing is a very sticky problem.

1B (in front of Mr. Stearns' office)—Where is the auditorium?

1A—Take the elevator to the main floor.

History Teacher—Where was the Constitution signed?

Bright—Why at the bottom, wasn't it?

Casler—I'm going to the dentist's this afternoon. He is going to take out my nerve.

The whole school—Some job!

Station Agent (speaking of a train)—There he goes.

Boob—What do you call that train "he" for? I thought they called trains "she?"

Station Agent—Oh, well, this is a mail train.—*Ex.*

Dempsey—I got a hair cut this afternoon.

Kilgus—Where?

Dempsey—On top of my head, you poor boob.

There was a fellow named Bill,
Who one day was climbing a hill;
While shifting his gear,
He fell on his ear,
And the ground that he gained was just nil.

All of us "Cheer, all cheer, for Barringer."

IN 83.

Teacher—All 4B Gen. Latin girls please stand. Izon, what are you standing for?

HEARD IN A SUMMER SCHOOL HISTORY CLASS.

1. Washington's Cabinet.—Hamilton was the bank; Edmund was Attorney-General (and then Myra didn't know why she was told not to be so personal).

Teacher—When I'm talking to a young lady, I don't like to be interrupted.

Mr. Gilman (after a 4B geography test)—Children, this is the Atlantic ocean!

Salzman—No country could come over to America and settle.

Teacher—Everybody knows the amendments are a part of the constitution—except some few who don't know it. (With a glance around the class.)

Harrison (in study period)—May I please sit with Frazee for a minute?

Teacher—No.

Benny—Aw, gee! I won't hurt him.

AT THE FRENCH EXAM.

Helen Osborne to Mr. Mezger—How do you write Chinese in French?

Teacher to Minster who was absent yesterday—Did you cut?

Minster—Yes, sir, the grass.

IN DETENTION.

Teacher—Is Barney here?

Voice in rear—Yes, sir, he just left.

ROOM 81

Teacher—I am going out of the room and you may go with me or study while I am gone. Which do you prefer?

Perkins—Where are you going?

Duncan—Take that match out of your mouth. Your mouth is big enough now.

Bright Boy Borman—It's no match for yours.

Miss Keehner (translating German)—And the herds of beef will all be killed.

Well, Latin students, we're in *harness* again, as Miss *Coult* says.

THE "RULE OF THREE" ELONGATED.

Teacher—Always remember that three smiles make one grin, three grins make one laugh, and three laughs make one happy.

Voice from rear—And do three happies make Happy Hooligan?

First One Bee—What are you looking at?

Second One Bee—Oh, nothing.

F. O. B.—But you can't see nothing.

S. O. B.—That's nothing.

Katzin—Shelley married, and his father dispossessed him because she was sixteen.

Fein (translating Latin)—Venus fed her wound to the winds.

IN 65.

Rizzolo—When men first began to be civilized, they looked for a hot place.

Prof.—They usually try to keep away from the hot place now, don't they?

Miss Poland (translating *"Quid dicam germani minas"*)—Need I mention the threats of the Germans?

ROOM 65.

Prof.—A stranger coming into the school would soon reason out that there must be a principal here. He would not think I was a little god, and Mr. Nicklas a big god.

Perry is deeply attached to Barringer his *foster* mother (alma mater).

Mentz—Hey, Katzin—

Zucker—No, we don't keep cats.

65.

Rizzolo—The people further north are more highly civilized, because in hot countries, the people are lazy.

Prof.—Let's see, Rizzolo, Italy is a pretty hot country, isn't it?

IN 37.

Prof.—Zemel, don't you think it would be better to say "yes, sir," instead of "yeah"?

Zemel—Huh?

Prof.—Don't you think it would be more polite to say "yes, sir," instead of "yeah," and "sir" instead of "huh"?

Zemel—Yeah.

Pilling—Say, Bart, what's the perfect active infinitive of inbeo?

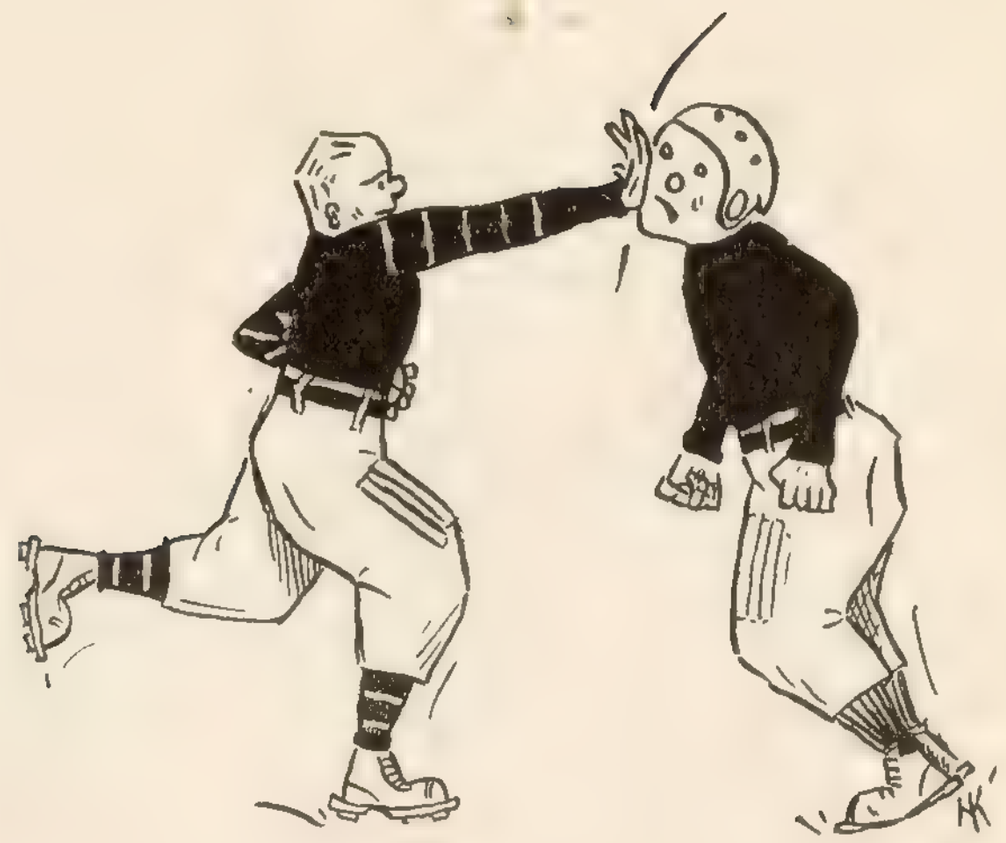
Strahan—Inssisse.

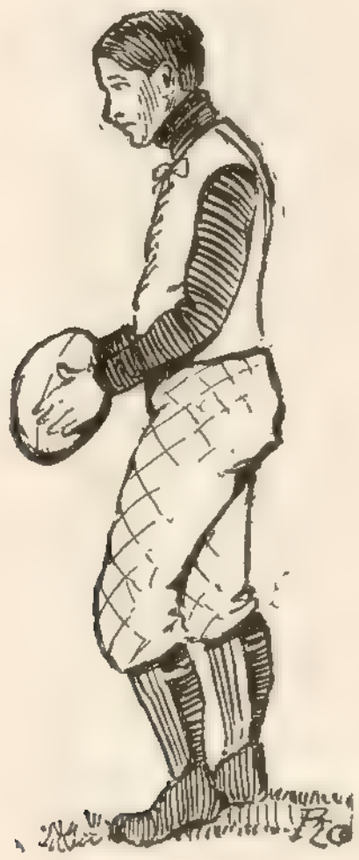
Miss Rathbone (translating Latin)—After feasting on embroidered couches—

Miss Poland (in Latin class)—Go, son, slide on your wings.

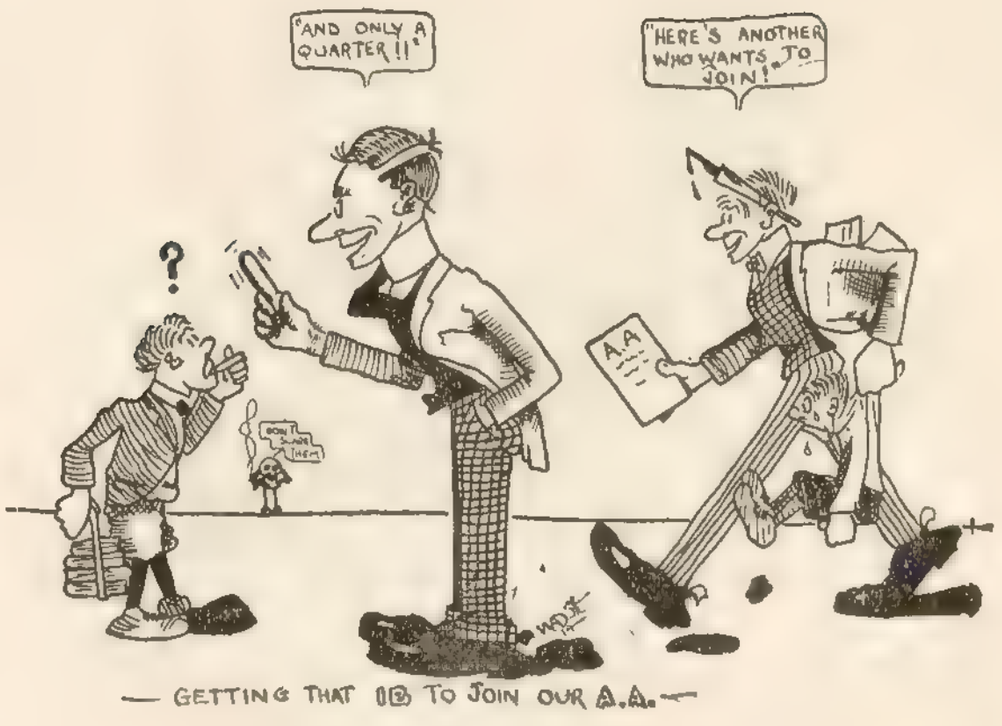
Burt Barling became quite a *pool shark*, after being chased by an *ocean shark*.

FOOT Ball
Once
More





"OH I'm So glad
to get back!"
KICKERO
LIAR


"AND ONLY A QUARTER!!"
"HERE'S ANOTHER WHO WANTS TO JOIN!"
?
A.A.
— GETTING THAT 1@ TO JOIN OUR A.A. —

The game opened with Glue at the Stick and small-pox Catching. Cabbage (who had been made manager because he had a good head) had put Cigar in the box; Corn was in the field. Egg was umpire and he was rotten. Cigar let Board walk. Song made a hit and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went up in the air. Cherry tried it, but was Wild. Ice went in and kept cool until he cracked. Then you ought to have heard Ice cream. Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. Lunatic was put out, because he was off his base. Bread loafed on third and Light was put out on first. Crook stole second. Knife was called out for cutting first base. Grass covered lots of ground, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Steak had his hash cooked at the home plate. Clock wound up the game by striking out.

AT THE THALIAN DANCE.

Frazee (to Marie Poland, after he had just done a new step in the Fox-Trot)—Well, I guess I foxed you that time.

Marie—Yes, but isn't this a Fox-Trot?

ADVICE TO THOSE IN NEED OF IT.

1. Never look where you're going.
2. Never walk, always run to your class rooms.
3. Never shove in the lunch room line.
4. Never put any personals in the ACROPOLIS box. We love to sit up late at night thinking out personals.
5. If your studies interfere with your pleasures, give up the studies.
6. Never take more than one singing book to the auditorium.
7. Never bump into Mr. Stearns, it doesn't pay.
8. Don't let the girls kid you along by calling you cutey.
9. Never cut detention. It isn't safe.
10. Show some school spirit, and prove that you are a real Barringer student.
11. Go to the football games.
12. Last but not least: Join the Athletic Association, 25c.

Walton to Barling—Gee! I didn't hear anyone kid Rodney about those silk gloves that he wore to school.

Burt—They aren't *kid* gloves.

Carol Ricketts—Do you support the editor?
"Red" Kilgus—No, we have a staff to do that.

Helen Hale—Clothes don't make the lady.
Keating—No, but they're a swell disguise.

Heard in 96—Lands, I can't draw a circle straight.

Carol—Have you read Freckles?
Kilgus—Yes.
Carol—That's funny, most people have brown ones.

Prof.—I guess this map will aid us some.
Smart Alec—Yes, it's a relief map.

First Mate—I feel sorry for the captain, his wife left.

Second Mate—Yes, he took her for a mate and she proved to be a skipper.

Hi—I'm a musician.
Jenks—You ought to be with Mozart.
Hi—Why, he is dead.
Jenks—I know it.

Simp—Gee, I hope the rain keeps up.
Boob—Why?
Simp—So it won't come down.

1B to 1A—Say, if your brains were ink there wouldn't be enough to make a period.

1B (sweetly)—May I drop gym? My mother wants me to.

Mr. Fields—Yes, dear, but be careful.

1B—Gee, High School studies are easy. I only had to study three hours last night.

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR.

1B (as Dempsey is standing in the corridor)—We can't go any farther. They have a red flag out.

1B—Mister, who is President of the 2 A's?
4A—What d'ye mean?
1B—Why the A. A.

Miss Patrick (speaking of ordering middies)—You give me the money, and I give you the slip.

We see Brodie came back again for a *short* term!

Margaret—What case is this, ablative absolute?

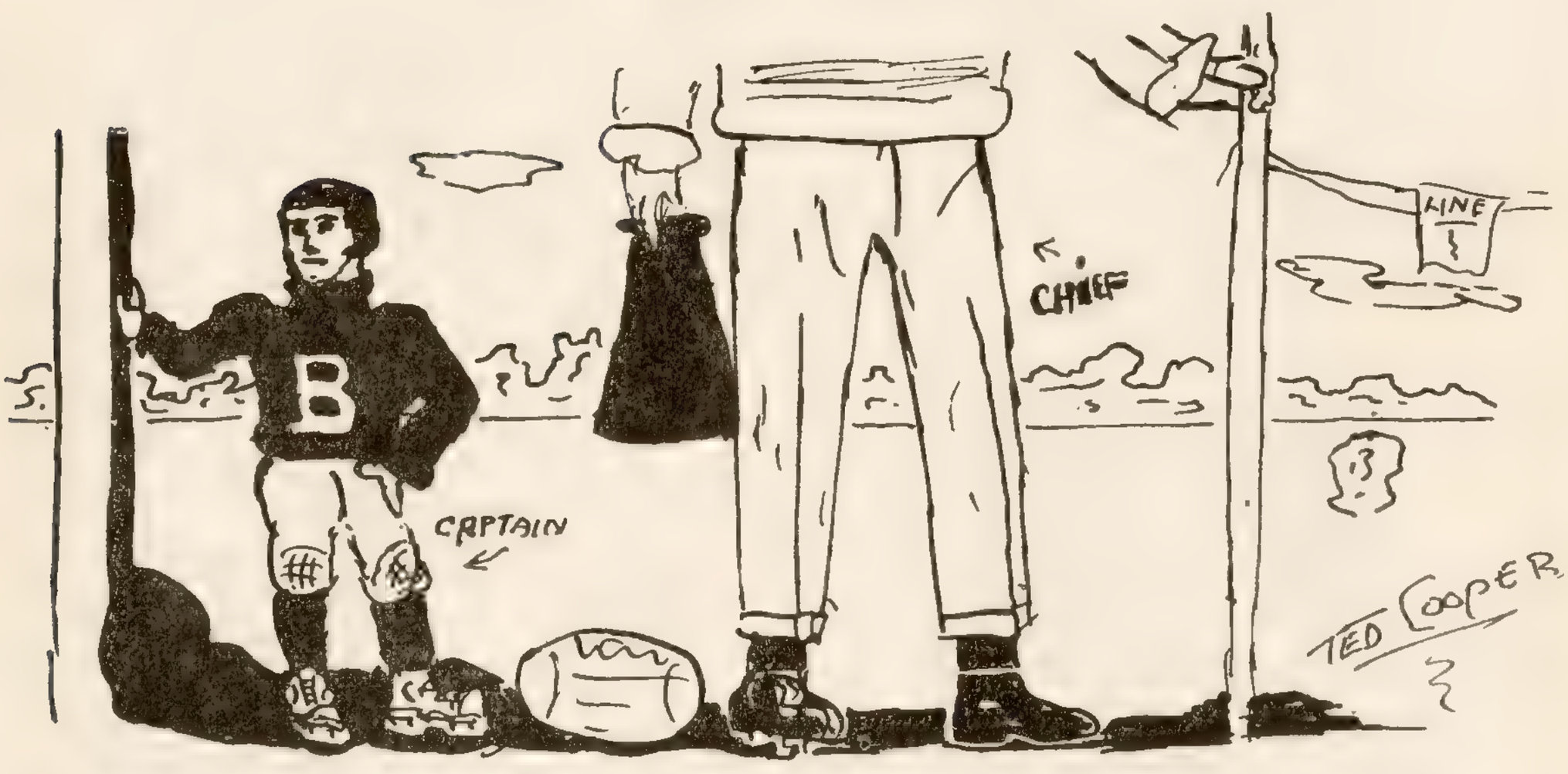
Regina—Heavens, no, it's just a word.

Midge (falling upstairs)—Oh, I hurt my knee.
Allan—Well, why not get a jit-ney?

Elsie Dey—What's the matter with your eye?
Edna—I just fell down and stepped on it.

Casler's complexion has become very "Ruddy" recently.

—HIS FIRST DETENTION—



IF OUR FUTURE IB'S ARE NO LARGER THAN THE PRESENT, WHAT WILL OUR TEAM BE IN 1919?

ATHLETICS.

EDITORS: JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*; MARCO ANGELILLO; JOHN JENNINGS; JOSEPHINE FLORENCE; EDGAR KILGUS

BRILLIANT PROSPECTS FOR OUR FOOTBALL TEAM.

When the call for football men was made by Coach Pritchard, fifty-nine men reported. Some of these men had earned their spurs last year, but most of the boys were out for the first time. Coach Pritchard has not yet picked the Varsity team, but the men of last year's team, who are working hard to retain their old places are Casler, Ecker, Noble, Golinskie and Duncan on the line and Dempsey, Juliano, Ritchie and Rhinehart in the backfield. The backfield promises to be unusually strong with such a quartette of seasoned men as Dempsey, Juliano, Rhinehart and Ritchie, and if the line, which has been considered the most powerful in scholastic circles hereabouts, holds up to its past reputation, we shall have an eleven hard to defeat. Not only in Varsity material is Barringer well provided, but also in second team material, which is far beyond the ordinary scrub material for with such men as Poole, Foster, S. Gregory, Barling, Maize, G. Gregory, Keating, Urmy, and Treon, a new man, this can be easily seen. With such a squad of men as this Barringer ought to upheld her reputation on the football field. Good luck to you, Coach Pritchard.

CROSS-COUNTRY OUTLOOK.

Although the loss of Captain Werner, Bozza, Granger, Ellis and Angelillo will be felt by our Cross Country Team, the prospects for another good team are very bright. First let us consider the veterans. There will still remain such clever steppers as Chittick, Jacobus, Gibbons, Condit and Idler. Vecchione, who was off form last season, expects to show his heels to the rest of the squad. The other "vets" are H. Williams, S. Marshall, B. Harrison, C. Pilling and L. Shackleford.

Of the new material that has reported to Lew Fields the following seem promising: J. Melito, small but gritty; P. Miller, H. Harr, J. Bray, M. Lisena, A. Kolodin and T. Cooper, all of whom have participated somewhere or other in distance races. With this material on hand Lew Fields expects to turn out a championship team.

But now, gentle reader, I am sure you can encourage and spur on the hill and dalers by coming to the races, most of which will start and finish in front of our own school. So come, show the old Barringer High School spirit.

A. A.

As everyone undoubtedly knows, Bob Dempsey was elected president of the A. A. at its first meeting of the year. Though he is widely known in school a word of praise for him may not be amiss.

Dempsey's spirit has been his chief asset. He entered Barringer in September, '13, and immediately came out for the football team. He worked hard and stuck to it, but his ambition was

(*Continued on page 23.*)

EXCHANGE

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
HELEN CLARKE

THE ACROPOLIS says "thank you" to the following exchanges:

College News, Kwassui Quarterly, High School Gazette, Alleynian, Sunnyside, Hilltop, Mirror, King School Review, Maple Leaf, Boys' Lantern, Artisan, Yale Alumni Weekly, Wesleyan, Argus, Hyde Park Weekly, Yale University Bulletin, Howard Times, Columbia Alumni News, The Tuskegee Student.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The June number of this little paper gives one a good impression immediately with its neat, attractive cover. Though we cannot read the Siamese parts,

THE COLLEGE NEWS,
BANGKOK CHRISTIAN COLL.,
BANGKOK, SIAM.

we find a few things to comment upon. The table of contents might be nearer the front. The verses and other reading matter are good and show originality. Judging from the large number of advertisements, it is evident that *The News* is doing well financially. We hope to see this interesting little paper again soon.

Your January number is quite a paper. The editorials are especially fine. It is a good plan to arrange the rest of the paper in specific departments, whereas "Items" and "Exchanges" are all we see. The accounts of your Christmas are surely interesting. Welcome!

KWASSUI QUARTERLY,
KWASSUI JO. GAKKO,
NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

A neat little paper, this. The general arrangement, except for that of an advertisement stuck in between baseball news and "Alumni Notes," meets with our approval. The cuts and cartoons are excellent and greatly improve the *Review's* appearance. The paper used is of a fine quality. Come again, *Review!*

KING SCHOOL REVIEW,
KING SCHOOL,
STAMFORD, CONN.

The senior number of this paper is quite interesting. The cover is neat, and, in fact, the whole paper makes a pleasing appearance. The literature department, though rather large, is very fine, "The Mystery of the Devil's Hole" starring. "Taps" is a lively section, though, on the other hand, it covers only two pages. Editorials are well written. The table of contents would look better on a regular page though on the inside cover. The department head-pieces are all clever.

THE MIRROR,
EMERSON H. S.,
W. HOBOKEN, N. J.

Here is a most interesting paper. The fine cuts and excellent reading matter make it well worth anyone's perusal. But we do not like the way the Alumni Notes are scattered through the advertisements at the back of the paper. Also, we find no table of contents.

YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY,
YALE UNIVERSITY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Your paper presents a neat appearance. The Literary Department is the best part of your July issue, for "The Silent Tent" is certainly very good. Athletics are well written, also. But you lack a table of contents and a few cuts. The size of your paper seems rather inconvenient to us. About half as long and twice as thick, we think, would make a handier paper.

THE BOYS' LANTERN,
TENN. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Here is a dandy issue in the Commencement Number. "Editorials," "Literary," "Knocks," "School Notes," "Athletics," and "Exchanges" are all so creditably written that it is hard, indeed, to decide on the winner; but, if at all, the blue ribbon should go to the "Knocks" department. This is a really humorous and snappy little section. The quality of paper used by *The Maple Leaf* is good. A cut or two, however, would improve this publication.

THE MAPLE LEAF,
MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Your Commencement Number is interesting, although small. We find "Reminiscences" to be an especially good department. We should like to see the school news collected in a specified department. Names of your departments should be in larger type than those of articles and stories. Athletics are interestingly disposed of. Your jokes are so good, we should like to see some more. But what's the matter with the Exchange editor? We can't find a single paper from his long list that he has criticized.

THE SUNNYSIDE,
WASHINGTON IRVING H. S.,
TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the September *Artisan* is its excellent quality of paper. Although the magazine itself is not large, it leaves one in a pleasant humor. *The Artisan* is a good example of the work being done by the students. However, we have one fault to find: the paper lacks a table of contents. Call again, *Artisan*. THE ACROPOLIS is glad to have a paper like you on its exchange list.

THE ARTISAN,
STATE TRADE EDUCATION SHOP,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

TEACHERS' DIRECTORY.

(*Continued from page* 14.)

Room	
99.	Mr. W. J. Dumm
	Miss R. E. Rine
	Mr. F. Meier
Gym.	Miss A. L. Patrick
"	Miss H. J. Punzelt
"	Mr. W. G. Broadhead
"	Mr. Macheray (sub.)
"	Mr. L. H. Field
"	Miss L. Stanley
	Miss R. McGrath, Office
	Lunch Room, Mrs. M. O. Nicholls

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A little school upon a little path,
A little Latin and a little Math.
A little English and a little French,
A lot of sitting on a woden bench.

A little Chemistry, a little Greek,
A little rest our tired minds do seek.
A little lamp kept burning oil till late,
A lot of home work sent to us by fate.

1B—Please, sir, are there any elevators going down?

4A—No, they're all going up this term—because of the war.

WARNING TO FRESHMEN.

Never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles you.

"HERR" NICKLAS OF "THIRTY-THREE."

In Barringer High—Herr Nicklas by name,
As teacher of "Dutch," has gained much fame.
He rivals "The Chief" in comedy.
Yes, Peter Nicklas of "Thirty-Three."

As to school, I come every day
Prepared in Dutch? Well, "I should say,"
I wait with patience, Oh, Holy Gee!
For the hour with Herr Nicklas in "Thirty-Three."

And then—thank goodness—the period has come,
I smile and say, "Here comes the fun,"
And MY!! What sport, you ought to see,
With Herr Nicklas in "Thirty-Three."

Oh! When my high school days are o'er,
Herr Nicklass, I'll love forevermore,
For happy, gay, and merry is he,
Who says, "Two-Thirty" in "Thirty-Three."

A. A.

(*Continued from page 20.*)

not realized until last year when he was a member of the 1915 championship team.

Red also endeavored to win track honor, and by earnest work come to be considered one of Barringer's most reliable sprinters in competition. Whatever Dempsey has undertaken he has tried to give it his best and he has constantly shown some of that old-time Barringer spirit.

Therefore does the ACROPOLIS extend to Mr. Dempsey its heartiest congratulations upon his election, and its best wishes for a successful term in office.

At the same meeting of the A. A. the following officers were also elected: Vice-President, Ten Eyck; Secretary, Duncan, and Treasurer, S. Gregory. Witsell, last year's track captain, was elected football manager and G. Gregory was elected cross country manager.

GRADUATE NOTES.

Andy Dempsey, former Barringer athletic star, did not return to Georgetown University this fall but entered Fordham University. Dempsey is playing on the Varsity football team at the latter school.

Ray Ward, '13, is now a senior at Brown University. Ward is playing tackle on the Varsity football team.

Lawrence Sliker, '15, is playing guard on Rutgers' football team.

Hank Walhauser, '11, has just returned from Douglas, Ariz. He was in the Medical Corps of the First Re. N. G. N. J.

Charles Hopkins and Lloyd Granger recently won honors at Dartmouth in the school meet.

Owing to the fact that most colleges have delayed their opening the Graduate Notes Department is handicaped by lack of material.

A A A.

The 3A's held a meeting in Room 31 on Monday, October 2. It was decided to have Mr. Milwitsky appoint a committee of eight for the purpose of nominating officers. Mr. Milwitsky then gave an earnest talk which the few 3A's present wished the others might have heard, for it would undoubtedly have influenced them to be more interested in their class organization.

THE 1B SCHEDULE.

Newark needs a new high school. This is plainly shown by the fact that it has been found necessary to divide the 1B classes into two platoons in order to accommodate them all. About half of the 1B's come in the morning at 8.30 and the other half in the afternoon, from 1 to 5. We hear varied reports as to how the Freshmen like this plan, but it seems that most of them prefer the regular time: 9 to 2.30.

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